

the German Expressionists,
later on, Eliot & Pound
& the metaphysics of the game of baseball,

but now, I'm content
to dissect the poesy
in such lit mags as The Velvet Mouse Trap,
the great athletic fiction
of The Racing Form
& indulge myself in the abtruse art
of the Sunday Funnies.

— Richard M. West

Bainbridge Island WA

SEEMS TO ME

I'm having a hard time keeping the car
between the lines
and I don't care, and somebody
is going to buy one and I hope
it isn't me.

"You know, you're all over the fucking place,"
she says.

And she's right too, I am.

I turn on the radio to drown her out.

I don't know why I'm still with her.
Maybe it's because of her criminal record
and her fine taste in automobiles.

FIX

Driving down the road in a 20k car, girl
at my side
doing in beer after beer, thinking
what did I ever do to deserve such luxury? It wasn't
long ago

I was thinking of joining the Peace Corp, thought
myself a poet.

Now

I sponsor 2 poor kids from the Philippines for
32 bucks a month, and
it's enough to get me by.

— Matthew Boylan

Bayonne NJ